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**A POETICAL  
PICTURE OF WORTHING,**

AND

**Its Vicinity,**

*With an introductory description of the Route  
from the Metropolis.*

---

**BY PAUL POTION, S. A. A.**

---

Ἕλος τ' ἐφαλὸν πολιεῖθρον.

HOMER.

“The surf of OCEAN,” as they tell us,  
“Falls at the foot of little Helos.”

---

“Apothecaries verse! and where’s the treason!  
“‘Tis simply honest dealing---not a crime;---  
“When patients swallow Physic without reason,  
“It is but fair to give a little Rhyme.”

NEWCASTLE APOTHECARY.

---

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The Author has no pretensions to a *niche* in the temple of *classic* poetry, as will be manifestly observable on a perusal of the present publication; and if he should occasionally be found to betray a poverty of language, he is not arrogant enough to attribute it to a similar fault in his learned prototype.

In the course of the work will be found occasional quotations, which are invariably made from the aforesaid publication, and not from the respective authorities therein quoted: if they are erroneous, the Author can only shelter himself under the plea of not having such authorities to resort to; relying confidently upon the accuracy and erudition of the learned Editor of that work.

*August 15th, 1814.*



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## INTRODUCTION.

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Journey to Worthing.

---





## INTRODUCTION.

---

### JOURNEY TO WORTHING.

---

“Egressum magnâ me accepit Aricia Româ.” \*  
HOR.

IN summer weather, much like this,  
We left the gay metropolis ;  
SOUTHWARK'S large Borough posted through,  
And soon had *Clapham road* in view ;  
Each side of which, is planted thick  
With lofty mansions, built of brick ;  
Well planned for pleasure, or for health,  
And loudly speak the City's wealth.

And now to *Clapham* got we down,  
(Just three miles and a half from town)  
Where o'er a common, wide and neat,  
Spreads many a *Cit's* and *Banker's* seat ;

And fame reports, it does appear,  
The *Thornton* branches flourish here !

This common of the mongrel kind,  
Learned historians we find,  
Assert its parish now, to be  
Half *Clapham* and half *Battersea* !  
Though once a swamp—a mere morass,  
It now for *Clapham Park* may pass ;  
In its appearance *small* indeed,  
But still, *sans doute*, of parkish breed.

No native spring, the village pride,  
Here laves the pathway's dusty side ;  
But somewhere on the *Wandsworth road*,  
A reservoir of water good,  
To Clapham sends an ample flood.

Its church, which is a structure new,  
Adorn'd with many an oaken pew ;



Is dedicated as we see  
Unto the Holy Trinity ;  
In which, nor in th' adjoining ground,  
Is putrid corpse, or coffin found.

Of the old structure, that once stood,  
Contiguous to the Kingston road ;  
One only aisle remains 't is said,  
For fun'ral service o'er their dead ;  
Which is performed, as we have heard,  
When in its cemet'ry interred,

A sumptuous monument we met,  
Of *Richard Atkins, Baronet*,  
And *Lady Atkins* ;—both of whom,  
Lie prostrate on a marble tomb :  
Full wigg'd, and arm'd, the Knight we find,  
My Lady's veil hangs down behind ;  
Whilst round the tomb—a palisade  
There is, and all of iron made !

Here *Martin Lister*—learned man !  
And first physician to *Queen Anne*,  
Was buried, as a tablet tells,  
Who wrote a noted book on shells.

Here also *Doctor Brady* lies,  
*Contemp* with *Nahum Tate* the wise :  
He versified the psalms they say,  
As sung in churches to this day.

On Clapham common, *ponds* we find,  
Of mighty interesting kind !  
For on their verge was wont to stand,  
With cruse of oil in either hand ;  
FRANKLIN of philosophic note,  
(As late a Worthing tourist wrote ;)  
And on some new discov'ry bent  
Upon the wat'ry element ;  
In windy and tempestuous weather,  
When waves do congregate together ;



## INTRODUCTION.

Did hush to rest the ruffled coil,  
By pouring gentle reader—OIL!

Some six miles on the road we go,  
Through *Tooting high* to *Tooting low*:  
The tower of whose church they tell,  
Is from its shape, remarkable;  
And by the tourist will be found,  
Not square and angular—but round.

The mother of *John Bateman*, Mayor  
Of London; took especial care  
For six poor women to provide,  
And built an Alms-house ere she died:  
Vesting the right to nominate,  
In th' eldest heir of that estate.

At *Merton Bridge* we stop awhile  
To view the *arch* well turn'd with *tile*:  
Monastic ruins, not the worst,  
Of England's King called *Hal the first*;

## INTRODUCTION.

The house which has for ever lost  
Brave NELSON ! Britain's pride and boast ;  
And eke the church of early date,  
Well built with *flints*, from *Hal's* estate.

Now having paused awhile for breath,  
We onward push to *Morden Heath* ;  
And in a very little while,  
Reach *Ewell* at the *thirteenth mile* :  
Whose copious spring the meadows fill,  
With many a lucid murmuring rill ;  
O'er *Epsom Court*, where erst in pride,  
Gay *Nonsuch* rear'd its lofty side :  
Its beauties *Camden* knew full well,  
And *Strype* and *Leland* deign to tell ;  
And *Lysons* too, of modern date,  
Records its splendour—and its fate.

“ Hanc quid non habent similem laudare Britanni,  
“ Sæpe solent nullique parem cognomine dicunt.”

“ Unrivalled in design the Britons tell  
“ The wondrous praises of this NON-PAREIL !”

EVANS'S PICTURE.



The learned Camden somewhere says  
Of *Nonsuch*, in its better days :

“ It is a monument of art,  
Which does such elegance impart  
In point of architect’ral science,  
It sets all others at defiance ;  
And that for turret, tow’r, and dome,  
And statues too—may rival *Rome*.”

Here *Queen Elizabeth* they tell,  
Oft saw the *Earl of Arundel* ;  
Who gave rich banquets—prime delights !  
Especially on *Sunday nights* :  
With mask and dance, and drum and flute,  
The sweetly sounding stringed lute ;  
And every kind of minstrelsy,  
To aid their midnight revelry.

On Monday sometime ere ’t was dark,  
The Queen a course saw, in the park ;  
At night a play, within the walls,  
Got up by clever lads from Paul’s ;

In which *Sebastian* they aver,  
Was constituted *Manager* :  
When to conclude the *fete* with glee,  
They eat and drank, and danc'd 'till three ;  
And now the *Host* with joy elate,  
Presented *Bess* with all the plate.

Here, after such a feast and present,  
Doubtless *Eliza*, found it pleasant  
To spend the last part of her reign ;  
And try to banish care and pain.  
For *Essex* here of high renown,  
First felt the mis'ry of her frown ;  
A frown indeed he well might dread,  
Which to the scaffold brought *his* head ;  
And did 't is thought, accelerate  
*Her* EXIT to a future state.

It now went into other hands,  
With all its gardens, parks, and lands ;  
Belonging to those royal dames,  
The wives of *Charles the First* and *James* ;

And then from *Charles the Second* past,  
To *Cleveland's Duchess* at the last;  
Who pull'd it down, the story goes,  
And of it, piece-meal did dispose.

Thus all its glories past away,  
And not a vestige at this day  
Remains to tell, where once did stand,  
The fairest palace in the land !  
Here Shakespeare's language so sublime !  
May well be quoted at this time ;  
Where his description of the world ;  
Is finally to chaos hurl'd—

And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,  
Leaves not a wreck behind !

Hail *Epsom* ! fam'd in race renown,  
On western side of *Banstead Down*,  
Whom tourists (at description good,)  
Do call a town within a wood !



Renown'd alike for min'ral springs,  
For *horsepond*, *clock*, and other things ;  
Its mansions built in *pits of chalk*,  
And many a rural ride and walk.

In this vicinity, once stood  
*Durdans*, a palace large and good ;  
Of those materials built 't is said,  
When *Nonsuch* was demolished.

George, first *Earl Berkley*, 't is agreed  
This palace built (of *royal* breed ;)  
Which did not very long remain,  
Being by fire burnt down again ;  
Then re-erected in a crack,  
'T is said by *Mr. Dalbiac* ;  
Which structure elegantly neat,  
Became *Earl Guildford's* country seat.  
At one time, 't was inhabited  
By th' sire of *George the Third* 't is said ;  
And some time in his occupation :—  
Such was its former reputation.

To *Ashtead Park* our course we steer,  
And view good *Richard Howard's* deer ;  
Where still is kept (so goes the fable)  
Facetious, *Royal Charley's table* !\*

Famed in Miltonic poetry,  
Some *eighteen miles and furlongs three*,  
Stands *Leatherhead*, part in a hole,  
And water'd by the river *Mole*.

“ Sullen Mole that runneth underneath.”

EVANS'S PICTURE.

The bridge which does the *Mole* bestride  
Is brick—and fourteen arches wide !  
And was repair'd consid'rably,  
Sometime in *anno 83*.

\* Here King Charles the Second, of facetious memory, was once entertained. The *table* at which the Monarch and his attendants dined is still preserved —no doubt accounted by the wondering rustics as a precious curiosity!

EVANS'S PICTURE.

The church here, dedicated was  
To Mary, and to Nicholas ;  
And furthermore, they do aver,  
Is in the gift of Rochester.

Through *Mickleham* to *Boxhill* ridge,  
High tow'ring over *Burford Bridge* ;  
Where gazing down the dizzy steep,  
At *Barclay's Box* we take a peep ;  
From *Fox and Hounds*, we onward rove,  
To that retreat y'clept *the Grove*,  
Through many a tasteful winding shade,  
Which angles in the road have made :  
*Miles three and twenty* having past,  
At *Dorking* we arrive at last.

*The Virgin Mary* claims the church,  
Which boasts a tow'r, and eke a porch ;  
Eight goodly bells, that chime divine,  
And five-claw'd poultry, very fine ;  
With Christmas capons fat as wethers,  
Weighing *eight pounds* without their feathers !



A stream supplied from num'rous rills,  
Where corn is ground by water mills ;  
A host of millers, who do deal  
Extensively in grain and meal ;  
A place of worship, where the late  
Great *Doctor Kippis* (so they state)  
For some time did officiate.

}

*Deepden*, that fam'd retreat we see  
Of *Howard*, and philosophy ;  
Where *Norfolk's* Duchess once did mope,  
But now the seat of *Mr. Hope* ;  
And to the right still further on,  
The seat of *Joseph Dennison* :  
Where may be seen, that death-like vale  
In which, *the unbeliever* pale  
And agonized, gives up the ghost,  
All hopes in *Hobbes* and *Tindal* lost :  
Here *the good christian* too we see,  
In hopes of immortality ;

Of this vain world his farewell take,  
And quite serene his *exit* make.

“ Sure the last end  
“ Of *the good man* is peace! How calm his exit!  
“ Night dews fall not more gently to the ground,  
“ Nor weary worn out winds expire so soft.”

ENANS'S PICTURE.

Of *Dorking* having had our fill,  
A tow'r we see upon *Leith Hill*,  
Not much unlike a sail-less mill;  
To tourists (who are short of sight,)  
Appearing in dismantled plight!  
Where *Mr. Hull*, as we are told,  
By an inscription terse and bold;  
After much senatorial toil,  
Did shuffle off this mortal coil:  
From hence, with straining eyes do we,  
*St. Paul's* and *thirteen counties* see,  
And Britain's safeguard too—the sea!

To rural *Capel* come we down,  
And stop at *Mascall's* at the *Crown* ;  
Where half a mountain once they say,  
From t' other half did run away,  
In wanton, sportive, hill-like play !

Now passing on to *Shire-mark Mill*,  
O'er many a *Surrey* dale and hill ;  
*Kingsfold* and *Warnham* both are past,  
And *HORSHAM* doth appear at last :  
An ancient borough of renown,  
Just *six and thirty miles* from town ;  
Founded, as English annals boast,  
By *Horsa* of the *Saxon* host !

A hatter's vestal sister here,  
Died some years since it does appear ;  
A Baptist maid, of pious kind,  
Of whom this anecdote we find :  
Lest she alive should be interr'd,  
Expressly by her will declar'd ;



Her virgin corpse should be supplied  
*Six weeks* with spirits rectified !  
Making, as tourists do aver,  
A *Peacock* her executor !  
And left the bird an income clear,  
Of fifteen British pounds a year !

A Jail, Town-Hall, and Church we find,  
With Schools of every sort and kind ;  
And Barracks, of commodious size,  
Where Soldiers train and exercise.

Here *Hills* we see, a sweet retreat,  
The late *Lord Irwin's* country seat ;  
Whose *walks, cascade, and murm'ring rills,*  
The youthful heart with rapture fills ;  
Whilst ranging through its shady groves,  
With that dear girl whom most he loves ;  
Or on some bench, or rustic seat,  
Close shelter'd from the noon-tide heat ;  
Where wrapt in soul-extatic bliss,  
He steals the half reluctant kiss.

Within these green and shady bow'rs,  
*My Lady*\* pass'd some pleasant hours  
In converse with her bosom's lord,  
By whom the place was much ador'd ;  
There gazing on the sylvan scene,  
No sordid thought did intervene ;  
To barter for the love of gold,  
Its tow'rs antique, and turrets bold.†

To *Her sham* now we bid adieu,  
And soon *West Grinstead Park* we view :  
Still further on, a little step,  
We meet that ancient Castle—*NEP* ;  
On which *OLD TIME* ! his hand has laid,  
And of its tow'rs a ruin made.

All conquering Monarch ! first to *thee* I sing  
*OLD TIME* ! how potent is thy lordly sway,  
How swift thou fliest, O rapacious *KING* !  
Nor wealth nor princes can prolong thy stay ;

---

\* The late Viscountess Irwin.

† *Hills* has lately become the property of his Grace  
the Duke of Norfolk, by purchase.

*Thou* lov'st to feast thee on the falling tow  
 And well thou lovest its *decay* to see :  
 ALL---ALL---must yield to thy despotic pow'  
 All works *sublunar* must give way to thee.  
 To *thee* all bow---insatiate Tyrant---ALL,  
 Or soon or late thy influence must feel ;  
 The *lofty turret* and *cemented wall*  
 Must bend---though solid as THE LUCENT STEE

EVANS'S PICTURE.

From *Nep* o'er *Bay-Bridge* pass we on,  
 To *Ashington*, and *Washington* ;  
 Which nothing boast that we can see,  
 Except their rural scenery ;

To *Findon* now we take our course,  
 And find the *Gun* a sure resource ;  
 If tourists wish to make a stop  
 To breathe awhile, and take a drop.

*Broadwater* pass'd—the *turnpike gate*,  
 We view with spirits, quite elate ;  
 And now arriv'd within the town,  
 We found *eight hours* had brought us down.



*A POETICAL*  
**PICTURE OF WORTHING.**

---

*Part the First,*

---



**A POETICAL  
PICTURE OF WORTHING.**

---

**Part the First.**

---

**I**N tracing towns and cities' rise,  
Historians (however wise ;)  
Regret there origin should be,  
Involv'd in such obscurity ;  
While *we* with ease the progress trace,  
Of every *modern Watering Place*.

**Situation and Origin.**

Of recent bathing towns the pride,  
Upon the county's southern side,  
Stands **WORTHING** on the Sussex coast ;  
Attention special, claiming most ;



And which not many years ago,  
As ancient fishermen do know;  
Was a poor fishing-town obscure,  
As filthy as a common sew'r!  
Some of whose huts 't is very clear,  
Were rented at *two pounds* a year!  
And many an acre then was bought,  
For half an anker (we are taught)  
Of brandy, or a tub of gin,  
To grow their vegetables in!

This will the reader much remind  
Of fabled tales of Eastern kind;  
Where, by the waving of a wand,  
A house, or town, is built of sand;  
Of costly grandeur and extent:  
Exciting his astonishment!

Of *Worthing's* hist'ry—when begun,  
How handed down from sire to son  
We cannot say; and therefore shall  
Consider it traditional:

But notwithstanding it is clear,  
And found in *England's Gazetteer*;  
That WORTING on the *Sussex* coast,  
In our *third Edward's* time did boast,  
A market charter; which they shew,  
Was granted to *Sir Thomas Hoe*  
Of *Bedfordshire*; and eke a fair,  
Of three long days, for pedlar's ware;  
The market, it is further said  
Has been long time abolished;  
And that the land upou this coast,  
Has by marine encroachment lost  
Six perches; as might once be seen  
Upon the *Pars'nage House* at *Heene*.

Of this same *Pars'nage*, by the way,  
'Tis meet and proper we should say;  
That on the northern side the house,  
A chapel stood contiguous;  
Now of its honors quite bereft,  
And but a scanty ruin left:

Some fifty years ago when view'd,  
It had a pulpit, and was pew'd ;  
At which time, people did resort,  
To hear that crazy lawyer *Burt*,  
Who last did preach ; (so goes the story)  
Such the *finale*, of its glory !

### The Town.

Now let us on the town descant,  
Each public walk, and private haunt ;  
Describe each alley, lane, and street,  
Say where they end, begin, or meet :—  
And here the reader may be vexed,  
To find no Map or Plan annexed ;  
Which, if the eye could wander o'er,  
Would much assist him in his tour.

If of such help he stands in need,  
We one can recommend indeed ;



And if inclin'd *to feast his eye,*  
EVANS'S PICTURE he must buy ;  
With which, he will not fail to meet,  
At *Phillips's* in *Warrick Street* ;

But first tis proper we should state,  
It has been much improv'd of late :  
By public acts, and other deeds,  
Purg'd of its nuisances and weeds ;  
Adorn'd with many a structure fair,  
Well plann'd for pleasure, health and air.  
Where each may view the pleasing scene,  
The pebbled *Beach*, the verdant *Steyne* ;  
The *velvet sand*, stretch'd far and wide,  
OLD OCEAN'S calm, or ruffled tide ;  
The sun-beam on the distant sail,  
Inflated by the breezy gale ;  
The fisher's bark, approach the shore,  
To pour out all its briny store :  
Or in perspective take a peep,  
At BRITAIN'S BULWARKS ! on the deep ;  
Each object trace, with aching sight,  
From BEACHY, to the ISLE OF WIGHT.

### Accommodations.

Throughout the town in ev'ry street,  
Commodious houses you will meet ;  
With various lodgings well supplied,  
And (*in the season*) occupied ;  
By families who take a trip  
To breathe sea air—perchance to dip ;  
Suited alike, to ev'ry class  
Of people, who come here to pass  
Their summer, and enjoy the scene,  
And bid defiance to the spleen.

Two *Boarding Houses* you will meet :  
*Miss Hankins's* in *Warwick Street* ;  
The other, (as the house doth shew)  
Is *Bloss's* ; and in *Bedford Row*.

### Warwick House.

Just opposite *the Colonnade*  
Stands *Warwick House*, in gay parade ;

Which from its scale, may surely boast  
Itself the pride of England's coast !  
Nor must the reader here forget,  
It is *occasionally* let ;  
To such as wear *the coronet* !  
And may be justly ranked I ween,  
A handsome *residence marine*.  
Although the lower story be,  
Encircled with a shrubbery,  
From every room the eye will see,  
Commanding prospects of the main,  
And landscapes, truly *Claude Lorain* !

### The Steyne.

Due south of this marine abode,  
And only parted by the road ;  
A verdant plot of ground is seen,  
Of three good acres—call'd *the Steyne* ;  
Inclosed by a pebble wall,  
With Portland stone o'er-topping all ;



And is to be, (if true the tale)  
Surmounted with an iron rail!

From *Warwick Street* unto the Beach,  
A handsome range of houses reach ;  
Of noble and imposing size,  
For great and wealthy families ;  
The bricks indeed, some people say,  
Are made of *saturated clay* ;  
Of which, we hold it in strict charge,  
To speak hereafter more at large.

### The Steyne Hotel,

The *Steyne Hotel* now claims the meed  
Of praise, and does in size exceed  
All other houses in the place ;  
And does to Worthing give a grace :  
It is indeed a noble house !  
Well built, large, and commodious ;

Commanding views of great extent,  
And though no partial praise is meant,  
Accommodations excellent.

}

As was exemplified of late,  
When we did meet to celebrate  
Events long wish'd by every heart  
PEACE, and the fall of BONAPARTE!  
Our glasses fill'd, and drank *with three* ;  
“*Health to the Bourbon family.*”

### The Sea House, New Inn, & Nelson.

And here 't is meet the muse should tell,  
Exclusive of the *Steyne Hotel* ;  
The visitor will also find  
Three others, of superior kind ;  
All which accommodations boast,  
Equal to any on the coast.

### The Chapel.

This Chapel is a structure fair,  
Of modern date and beauty rare ;

And is a noble pile in fact,  
Which doth the stranger's eye attract.  
Though on its top no spire doth rise,  
With tap'ring point unto the skies ;  
In its interior he will find,  
What most attracts the pious mind.

Thou, FAIR RELIGION ! wast design'd,  
Duteous daughter of the skies,  
To *guide* and *cheer* the human mind,  
To make MEN *happy, good, and wise* ;  
To point where sits in LOVE array'd :  
Attentive to each suppliant call.  
The GOD---of *universal* aid,  
The GOD and FATHER of us ALL !

EVANS'S PICTURE.

The *Eastern front* now let us view,  
Of lofty height, proportion due ;  
Whose *Doric* columns plainly shew,  
A most majestic *Portico* ;  
Where *folding doors* thrown open wide,  
Admit you in on either side :



Or if *above* you go to pray'rs,  
You must ascend the *gall'ry* stairs ;  
In which you may, where'er you be,  
A small, neat, fine ton'd ORGAN see ;  
'SQUIRE OGLE's gift, as we are told  
By an inscription—*black and gold!*

This Chapel by subscription built,  
To purge the *Worthingers* of guilt ;  
As well as for the public weal,  
Reflects great credit on their zeal ;  
Which if we do not greatly err,  
The Bishop good, of Chichester,  
Two years ago did consecrate :  
And that the right to nominate  
The Chaplain, as it is understood,  
Rests with the Rector, *Peter Wood*  
Of Broadwater ; who gave of late,  
The service of communion plate.

The *Chaplain*, DAVISON by name,  
From Oxford's hallow'd cloisters came ;

Who Virtue's laws to others teaching,  
Shines forth th' example of his preaching.

### The Dissenting Chapel.

A Chapel where dissenters meet,  
Of mod'rate size, and structure neat ;  
Has been erected it appears,  
For their convenience some few years ;  
Who conscientiously dissent  
From England's church establishment ;  
Where each may choose a different road,  
And worship as he likes—his God.

### The Free School for Boys.

This School 't is proper we should tell,  
(Part *Lancaster*, and partly *Bell*)  
Has lately been established  
For boys, by *voluntary aid* ;  
And to the *poor and needy*, does  
Instruction give, gratuitous :

Such institutions must excite,  
In ev'ry breast supreme delight!

*Ignorance* is the curse of man,  
KNOWLEDGE the wing by which he flies to heaven!

EVANS'S PICTURE.

### The Market Place.

*The Market Place* is new and neat,  
And stands 'twixt *Ann* and *Market Street*;  
Which both from *High Street* leading out,  
Will bring you by *a different route*!  
Arriv'd you'll find four iron gates,  
Which shew where each end terminates;  
And in the centre stands a *pump*,  
Whose handle oft is heard to thump.

The quadrangle is neatly pav'd  
With Portland stone, and often lav'd



To clear it of the smell of fish,  
And is as neat as you could wish.  
The *stalls* are on each end and side,  
Which pillars do indeed divide ;  
And do support from wing to wing,  
A broad appropriate covering ;  
Where all may stand and buy their meat,  
Excluded from the mid-day heat ;  
Or if perchance big clouds do lower,  
And ease their burthen by a shower ;  
They here may find a safe resource,  
Until the torrent's had its course.

Here you may buy whate'er you wish,  
Beef, mutton, lamb, veal, fowl or fish ;  
The silver mack'rel, lobsters, crabs,  
Prawns, shrimps, soles, whittings, plaice & dabs ;  
Delicious *Ven'son* ! *Wheatears* fine !  
(When you luxuriantly would dine)  
Fresh vegetables too, you may,  
With choicest fruit, buy every day.

Delightful task !—the muse now sings,  
Of water good, from num'rous springs ;\*  
By pumps convey'd to ev'ry house,  
Which pumps, are also numerous !

With shops of ev'ry kind you meet,  
As you pass on from street to street ;  
Stor'd with a plentiful supply  
Of goods, for ev'ry family,  
And of superior quality.

### The Libraries.

The *Libraries* demand their share  
Of panegyric—two there are ;

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\* If the introduction under the head *Market Place*, of pumps, springs, shops, &c. should be considered by the reader an anomaly ; the author can only plead a precedent in page 58 of EVANS'S PICTURE.

Which for distinction sake, we shall  
Denominate the principal :  
To which the public do repair,  
To read awhile, and banish care.

The first by *Mrs. Spooner* kept,  
*Library Colonnade* y'clept;  
The other on the Beach is seen,  
By *Stafford* kept, and call'd *Marine*.

In these sad novel-reading times,  
The writer of these humble rhymes ;  
Was pleasingly surpris'd to find,  
The books were of superior kind.

The *London Papers* may be seen,  
At *Colonnade* and eke *Marine* ;  
From morn to night, at small expence,  
And is a great convenience,

'T is pleasant through the loop holes of retreat,  
To peep at such a world ! To see the stir,



Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd ;  
To hear the roar she sends thro' all her gates,  
At a *safe distance* where the dying sound,  
Falls a soft murmur on the uninjur'd ear.

EVANS'S PICTURE.

And mention too must here be made,  
That also at the *Colonnade* ;  
The Worthing *Post Office* is seen,  
Which fronts the corner of the Steyne ;  
A mail too, ev'ry day they boast,  
From east to west along the coast.

### The Theatre.

The *Theatre* its front does rear  
In *Ann Street*, unto *High Street* near ;  
From whence as you approach you'll see,  
Its colonnade or balcony :  
Four pillars of a mod'rate height,  
With steps of stone—a double flight ;

Which will conduct you by degrees,  
To its respective entrances;  
In whichsoever you would sit ;  
As *gall'ry, boxes, or the pit.*

In the interior you 'll find  
Two tiers of boxes—if you mind ;  
And if we do not wander wide,  
Four boxes are on either side ;  
The front too, has an equal share,  
For you will find four boxes there ;  
Two also do the stage divide ;  
With carpets, and with chairs supplied.

The house is lighted it appears,  
By seven neat glass chandeliers ;  
And has a stage both long and wide,  
With half a hundred things beside ;  
Arrang'd and fitted up in style,  
And is indeed a costly pile !

To Mr. TROTTER praise is due,  
For much of taste, and judgment too ;  
Who is, the reader will infer,  
*Proprietor*, and *Manager* ;  
And matchless too, are said to be  
The talents of the company.

'T was a fine compliment you 'll say  
*Sam Johnson* did to *Garrick* pay ;  
That his decease assuredly,  
Eclips'd a nation's gaiety !

The histrionic art, when it  
Does upon vice in judgment sit ;  
And also pleads fair virtue's cause,  
Is truly worthy our applause ;  
And doth contribute, we shall find,  
To the improvement of mankind.

### Bathing.

To the *conveniencies*, we  
Add that of *Bathing* in the Sea



For health or pleasure ; which you may  
Embrace at all times through the day ;  
When civil persons do attend,  
And whom we well can recommend.

O recreation exquisite ! to feel  
The wholesome waters trickle from the head  
Oft as its saturated locks emerge—  
To feel them lick the hand and lave the foot ;  
And when the playful and luxurious limb  
Is satiate with pastime, and the man  
Rises refresh'd from the voluptuous flood,  
How rich the pleasure to let zephyrs chill  
And steal the dew drops from his parting sides !

EVANS'S PICTURE.

It only now remains to say,  
For *Bathing* you *one shilling* pay ;  
That is to say, for those they call  
A *full-grown* individual ;  
For *children* under seven years,  
'T is only *six-pence* it appears.

The timid virgin here may lave,  
And kiss the blue translucent wave ;  
At distance from th' intruding eye,  
That would outbrazen modesty :  
Here, still her palpitating heart,  
For here the sexes bathe apart ;  
And when they take a dip marine,  
Each have a separate machine ;  
Of if upon *hot bathing* bent,  
The *warm baths* too are excellent.

The benefits thus *hot and cold*,  
So much insisted on of old ;  
You here enjoy, as you will see,  
And sanction'd by the faculty.

### Climate.

A mile from this, and other towns,  
You meet a chain of *Sussex Downs* ;

Which very lovely do appear,  
Forming an amphitheatre ;  
That does in winter time exclude,  
Northern and eastern blasts so rude :  
Hence vegetation doth appear  
In all its pride and beauty here.

Here myrtle trees will make you stare,  
In gardens, in the open air,  
Growing, like poplars tall and straight,  
From six, to twenty feet in height !  
And figs it also doth appear,  
Are found in great perfection here ;  
With fig tree Orchards, if you do  
To *Tarring* or to *Sompting* go.

It has been thought by some of late,  
The vine they here might cultivate ;  
By heat (thus learnedly they talk,)  
Reflected from the flint and chalk ;



Which flint and chalk would also be,  
A hot-bed for that myrtle tree ;  
Whose *wax* would prove, as we do learn,  
A profitable good concern !

In Worthing valley near the sea,  
Grows corn in rich variety ;  
Which ever and anon doth lave,  
Its ears in Ocean's briny wave.

T' is not uncommon here they say,  
To bathers find on *Christmas day* ;  
A circumstance with truth we tell,  
Though it may seem incredible ;  
But it has been observ'd, that here,  
The snow does quickly disappear ;  
Although in other parts it may  
Be deep, and make a longer stay.

A genial warmth the breezes clear,  
Waft gently through the atmosphere :

No sudden shifts from heat to cold,  
Which often to the young and old  
Productive are of ev'ry ill,  
And baffles the physician's skill;  
And which too often we do see,  
Prove fatal to humanity.

### The Beach.

O! for the muse of CRABBE, to teach  
An humble bard to sing *the Beach*;  
Where belles and beaux in summer tide,  
Take many a charming *donkey* ride;  
Exempt from turnpikes, gates and stiles,  
A long extent of *fourteen miles*!

No rugged cliff, or sharp descent,  
When you are on this journey bent;  
But here the children—pretty things!  
May quit the nurse, and leading strings;

And eke the old with hobbling gait,  
May travel at a monstrous rate !

If a straight forward walk you'd have,  
To wanton with the playful wave ;  
You there may view fine woods and downs,  
Corn fields, spires, turrets, tow'rs, and towns ;  
And many a cliff o'er Ocean blue,  
Eastward 'twixt *Beachy-head* and you :  
Or if the west allures your sight,  
You there will see the *Isle of Wight* .

Here you may walk, and meditate  
On man in this sublunar state ;  
Or ride, if in that exercise,  
Your pleasure more than walking lies ;  
The Merchantman with pleasure view,  
Borne safe along the Ocean blue,  
With riches laden from afar ;  
And eke the stately Man of War !

With easy course  
The vessels glide---unless their speed be stopp'd  
By dead calms that oft lie on the smooth seas  
When ev'ry zephyr sleeps---then the shrouds drop---  
The downy feather on the cordage hung  
Moves not---the flat sea shines like yellow gold  
Fus'd in the fire, or like the marble floor  
Of some old temple wide!

EVANS'S PICTURE.

If Ocean's flood is at its height,  
Here rural walks do still invite;  
Through num'rous villages and towns,  
That intersect the *Sea* and *Downs*;  
Where the pedestrian may range,  
Enraptur'd with the pleasing change.

Thus *Worthing* is a sweet retreat,  
In winter's cold, or summer's heat:  
For whilst in Ocean's briny waves,  
The valetudinarian laves;  
The anxious slave of business may  
Feel calm, and cast his cares away.



### The Sea.

MINUTIUS FELIX, we are told,  
One of the rev'rend fathers old,  
A pleasing story doth relate ;  
About a christian in debate  
With two idolaters, or more,  
During a walk along the shore,  
His subject was a theme sublime,  
Nature's great cause, and things divine !  
What more, or how the story goes,  
MINUTIUS FELIX only knows !

Unto a thoughtful mind, the Sea  
Must always interesting be ;  
Whether upon the score of health,  
Its great utility and wealth ;  
Or vast extent from clime to clime,  
An object perfectly sublime !

Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds  
Exhilarate the spirit and restore

The tone of languid nature. Mighty winds  
That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood  
Of ancient growth, *make music* not unlike  
The dash of OCEAN on his winding shore !

EVANS'S PICTURE.

### Encroachment of the Sea.

Unlike what transient viewers, who  
May judge its situation low ;  
The site of *Worthing* will be found,  
To be a ridge of rising ground ;  
And what will set this point at rest,  
Continues some miles to the west :  
Its elevation too, they tell,  
When taken was remarkable ;  
And that the *dining parlour* floor  
Of WARWICK HOUSE, a foot or more  
Exceeds in height. they do aver  
The church's roof of *Broadwater* !

In ancient times the people say,  
Fronting the town—a common lay ;

Which common, as the story stands,  
Now constitutes in part the sands :  
This ground it seems was much too low,  
Which high spring tides did overflow ;  
But this encroachment has for years,  
Prevented been by barriers ;  
Denominated *groines*, 't is said,  
And are of rough hewn timber made,

This sea enrcoachment 't is well known,  
Is of importance to the town ;  
Has fill'd effectually the breach,  
Between the houses and the beach ;  
Where water of ill-favor'd scent,  
Did taint the purer element.

### Singular Clay.

We promised something more to say,  
Upon this *saturated clay*,  
Which here is dug of finest blue,  
And burnt to bricks of creamish hue ;

And as the part we understand  
Where it is found, was once *dry land* ;  
The change, may be presumed to be  
Produced by *pickling in the Sea*.

Here beds of marle are also found,  
And mixed with weeds in many a mound ;  
Which forms a *compost* rich and pure,  
In vulgar language called *Manure* ;  
Nor must we here omit to say,  
Besides the marle, and eke the clay ;  
*White rocks* are found, in all their prime,  
And are in *Limekilns* burnt for *lime* !

### The Company.

The company now claims respect,  
Which has at all times been select :  
Amongst the rest the place may boast  
Of ROYAL Visitors a host !  
Which here at different times have been,  
To grace this charming spot marine.



*Aquatic Excursions.*

Here wafted by the gentle gale,  
With perfect safety you may sail ;  
Where vent'ring out, miles three or four  
In *Pleasure Boats* to spend an hour ;  
Whilst there reclining at your ease,  
The view of Worthing much will please :  
Reflected from the summer sky,  
The buildings glisten on the eye ;  
And many a hill and dale you see,  
With woods in rich variety ;  
Which, pleasure never fails to give,  
To every mind, contemplative :  
And ocean's beauties too excite  
Sensations of extreme delight !

Softly dash'd the pensive ocean,  
Gently sigh'd the passing gale---  
To the rocks the flushing motion,  
Seem'd to tell a plaintive tale !

EVANS'S PICTURE.

### **Poneys and Donkeys.**

Upon the beach, or in the street,  
Poney and donkey gigs we meet ;  
Which all day long are found on stands,  
For short excursions on the sands ;  
Or if prevented by the sea,  
For rides round the vicinity ;  
The charge is mod'rate which you pay,  
If for an hour, or for a day,

Thus young and old may take a ride,  
And doubtless will be gratified ;  
Bestowing many a pond'rous thwack,  
Upon poor patient *Neddy's* back.

### **Coaches.**

If bound for Worthing, or for town,  
Two Coaches take you up or down ;

Sev'n in the morning is the hour  
To start, and you arrive at four ;  
And coaches of *cerulean blue*,  
From BRIGHTON and from PORTSMOUTH too ;  
You meet with daily, if you want  
To take to either place a jaunt.

### Waggons.

If broad wheel'd Waggons you should need,  
To *Robinson's* you must proceed ;  
Or *Taylor's*, whichso'er you seek,  
Which travel twice or thrice a week :  
Their residences may be known  
At Worthing—and their Inns in town.

### The Packet to France.

If in the mind to take a prance,  
A *Packet* sails from hence to *France*,

And here you may without much fuss,

Embark on board the *Nautilus*;

A copper bottom'd cutter gay,

And built at *Rotherhithe* they say.

END OF THE FIRST PART.



AN ACCOUNT OF  
ARUNDEL, SHOREHAM,  
&c.

---

Part the Second.

---



AN ACCOUNT OF  
ARUNDEL & SHOREHAM,

WITH  
THE INTERMEDIATE PARTS OF THE SURROUNDING  
COUNTRY.

---

Part the Second.

---

HAVING a horse or ass procur'd,  
To beating and to toil inur'd ;  
(Or gig, or cart if corpulent,  
Or if with age the body 's bent,)  
To *Broadwater* you now proceed :  
Whose name derived is indeed,  
From breadth of water at this place,  
When Ocean's surge did wash its base.

Here view the Parish Church awhile,  
A venerable gothic pile :

The pious work of names once fam'd,  
Now dubious or forgot.

EVANS'S PICTURE.

It formerly was damp 't is said,  
And far from wholesome ; 'till was made  
Another door way—wide and good,  
By its incumbent PETER WOOD ;  
Who does deserve for these his cares,  
The thanks of his parishioners.

Here in the chancel you may see,  
A tomb of that great family,  
Y'clept the *Earls of Delawarr* ;  
Which late was put in good repair  
By their relation *Mrs. Damer*,  
Whom to well know—is but to name her.



Here of the *Alfords* lieth *John*,  
 And formerly of *Offington* ;  
 An ancient family of fame,  
 And him the last of that great name.

An epitaph on brass is shewn,  
 And figure of *John Mapleton* ;  
 A former rector of the place :  
 And parson *Smith*, who wanting grace,  
 Of two good livings was depriv'd,  
 With which he was dissatisfied ;  
 And got into a sad quandary,  
 For lack of oaths to *Will* and *Mary*.

An ancient *helmet* here you see,  
 Belonging very probably  
 To the great Earl of Delawarr,  
 Whose head it sav'd from many a scar ;  
 And after being beat and bruis'd,  
 Is for a parish *poor box* us'd.

## Church Yard.

Some wretched doggrel rhymes you see,  
That discompose your gravity ;  
The following, is perhaps enough  
Of such sweet sentimental stuff !

Happy *the Child* that dies when it is young,  
Before he has learnt to sin ;  
The almighty gate is open wide,  
To let such dear children in !

EVANS'S PICTURE.

Now pass we on to *Offington*,  
The mansion of 'Squire *Margesson* ;  
Which, by an *Upton* or a *Brown*,  
Might soon be turned upside down ;  
Possessing in its soil, and trees  
*The greatest capabilities.*

The tourist if he upward looks,  
Will see a colony of rooks ;

Which in large flocks do feed and fly,  
 And build too in society :  
 Historians also do relate,  
 A jurisprudence in their state ;  
 Where every one may plainly see,  
 Each claims a separate property :  
 And if they find a guilty beast,  
 A public robber of the nest ;  
 They cite him by their statute book,  
 Before the Lord Chief Justice *Rook* ;  
 Who judges by the laws in vogue,  
 And sometimes banishes the rogue !

From *Offington*, upon the right,  
 Some chalk pits now appear in sight ;  
 Of which same chalk it doth appear,  
 The Downs consist both far and near ;  
 And on this spot it will be found,  
 That *Worthing* stands on rising ground.

The seat of *Baron Delawarr*,  
From *Tarring* lies not very far ;  
For so the learned *Camden* says  
Of *Offington*, in former days.

This ancient family of *West*,  
Long since forgot and gone to rest ;  
Flourish'd, as we in *Camden* see,  
About the sixteenth century ;  
And that in our first *Edward's* time,  
'The *Camois'* too were in their prime.

Of *Sir John Camois* 't is agreed,  
That he did execute a deed ;  
And gave to *William Paine*, *Knight*,  
His loving wife *Dame Marg'ret* hight ;  
Her goods and chattels, lands, and trees,  
And *Margaret's* appendages ;  
To have and hold during the life,  
Of 'foresaid *Margaret* his wife.



To Lanfranc wrote Pope Gregory,  
Who held the Canterbury see ;  
That *Scotchmen* thought it vastly well,  
Their wives to leave, and also sell ;  
But that in *England's* gen'rous way,  
They gave and granted them away.

His *Holiness* might here allude,  
To Sir John Camoi's gift so good ;  
Which doubtless was allow'd to be,  
An act of liberality ;  
Although, we at this time of day,  
Cannot but smile at such a *trait*.

### Sompting.

Two miles from *Worthing*, to the east,  
At *Sompting Church* you stop and rest ;  
Which being on a hill, can boast  
A view of Ocean and the Coast !

One little bell, with tinkling sound,  
Is heard by all the village round ;  
(That is to say when it is rung,) ;  
Which bell is in the tower hung ;  
Though small, sufficient to remind  
Those who are piously inclin'd ;  
Their duty 't is, to go to church,  
Nor leave their pastor in the lurch.

Now up the lane you mount aloft,  
To view the mansion—late of *Croft* ;  
Who was, so says historic page,  
The patron of this vicarage ;  
Below, another house you meet,  
'*Squire Barker's* pleasant country seat ;  
In front of which there is a stile,  
Distant from *Cokeham* but a mile ;  
Through which, you Worthing soon may reach,  
By *Lower Lancing*, and the beach.

Smaller than *Offington's*, you see  
 At *Sompting Church*—a *Rookery* ;  
 On which a pleasant anecdote,  
 From *Doctor Percival* we quote.

Within a grove, and very near  
 Unto the town of *Manchester* ;  
 A colony of *rooks*, for years,  
 Had been establish'd it appears ;  
 And play'd a thousand *rookish* pranks,  
 Upon the river *Irwell's* banks.

I plac'd myself one eve serene,  
 To contemplate the sylvan scene ;  
 And did with much attention view,  
 Their pastimes, and their labours too :  
 The idle members there did chase,  
 Each idle bird from place to place ;  
 In endless mazes, round and round.  
 Whilst many a harsh discordant sound,



Now floated on the ev'ning breeze ;  
Re-echo'd by the stream and trees :  
In midst of this, whilst on the wing,  
*One rook*, (a playful giddy thing)  
Another struck with such a thwack !  
He fairly laid him on his back :  
Where floating on the silver stream,  
The rooks set up a gen'ral scream ;  
A loud and lamentable cry,  
And hover'd with anxiety.

This sympathy did animate  
Poor Rook, himself to extricate ;  
Who sudden sprang to join the flock,  
Upon a jutting point of rock :  
Their joy was gen'ral, but alas !  
Soon chang'd to lamentation was :  
The wounded bird, with pain oppress'd,  
One effort made to gain his nest ;  
But dropt into the stream again,  
To end at once, his life and pain ;



Which they bemoan'd with pitying looks,  
And sigh'd, and griev'd, and felt—as rooks.

A nat'ralist observes, among  
Those animals far fam'd in song,  
Of which he's heard, or read in books ;  
All yield to *caw, caw, caw*, of rooks !

His notes are few, and 't is agreed,  
He in a *solo* don't succeed ;  
And though he caws both loud and long,  
Indeed we cannot praise his song ;  
But when in *concert* he unites,  
(In which it seems he most delights)  
Although his notes are rough and rude,  
Yet mingled with the multitude ;  
Their coarser edges very oft,  
Become *piano*-like or soft ;  
Especially he doth declare,  
When *cawing* in the open air.

But most a gun—ah ! direful sound,  
Whose loud report spreads terror round ;  
The list'ner then, with ravish'd ears,  
Will hear the music of the spheres !

For pleasant tales like these, we see  
No reason for apology :—  
They do increase in ev'ry way  
Our admiration ; and display,  
In wisdom, goodness, form and feature,  
The great and wond'rous works of nature.

### Lancing.

To *Upper Lancing* now we go,  
(Some three miles to the East, or so ;)  
Of rural scen'ry not devoid,  
And boasts a house of *Col'nel Lloyd* :  
The church of course attracts our eyes,  
Because, diminutive in size ;

And has a door-way, by report  
Of *seeming* Lilliputian sort !

The Church Yard boasts—as tourists tell,  
Nothing that is remarkable ;  
Save and except “ *Afflictions sore,*”  
A long, a sad, “ *long time I bore!*”  
Some other verses too, there are,  
Of a description similar.

Such lines do tombstones much disgrace,  
And grave impressions too efface ;  
And which, for one remark doth call,  
That shall be here made once for all.

We gravely, and with truth can state,  
The churches here they decorate  
With scripture passages devout,  
Intended piously no doubt ;  
But some have seriously maintain'd,  
That no such pious ends are gain'd ;



And do draw off in ev'ry sense,  
'Th' attention of the audience ;  
Whilst others entertain a notion,  
They do promote, and set in motion  
The exercises of devotion.

The road to *Lower Lancing*, we  
Find rural in a high degree ;  
Which is a bathing place marine,  
And has for each a neat machine.

### *Susser Pad.*

Proceeding on about a mile,  
Will bring us in a little while,  
Unto an INN, call'd SUSSEX PAD,  
Where neat *post chaises* may be had ;  
And *horses* too, we are assur'd,  
If wanted, may be here procur'd :  
This is the road direct they tell,  
From *Brighton* unto *Arundel* ;



To *Chichester*, and *Portsmouth* too,  
And *West of England* if you'd go.

### Shoreham.

The *Sussex Pad* commands a view  
Of *Shoreham Old*, and *Shoreham New* ;  
The former ancient, and decay'd,  
The latter populous 'tis said ;  
And has a harbour, where the tide,  
Does shift the sands from side to side :  
And eke a long flat rock, that we  
May sometimes at low water see.

This harbour is of ancient growth,  
And doth command the *Adur's* mouth ;  
O'er which a *Bridge* from West to East,  
(Exacting toll from man and beast)  
Of late years has been thrown—of wood  
Constructed, and is strong and good.

The Bridge indeed it may be said,  
Was from the Pad the whole way made ;  
For previously, you had to pass,  
A deep and dangerous morass ;  
In which *Surveyor Heath* has said,  
He drove a hop-pole to its head ;  
As easy as you could desire,  
With his hand only, through the mire ;  
But which was render'd firm and good,  
By sinking faggots made of wood !

Here formerly the roaring tide,  
Cover'd the country far and wide ;  
Moreover did include and reach,  
A tract of land down to the beach ;  
Belonging as we may remark,  
To Biddulph, Lord of *Burton Park*,  
Near *Bignor*, (if the story's true ;)   
Who owns the *Lancing Manor* too !

Each of the Shorehams has a Church,  
 With *turrets, tower, bells* and *porch* ;  
 Both in the style of Gothic are,  
 And do appear much on a par  
 As to antiquity, 'tis true ;  
 Although distinguish'd *Old* and *New*.  
 This style has been pronounc'd, to be  
 In pure and perfect harmony,  
 With the religion, where we find  
 Majestic attributes combin'd ;  
 And which invariably we see,  
 Are blended with simplicity.

*New Shoreham* formerly 'tis said,  
 Drove on a large ship-building trade ;  
 And which we hope the present peace,  
 Will very actively increase.

Though sand-banks do the harbour choak,  
 Stout merchantmen of *Sussex Oak* ;

In size full 700 tons,  
Glide easy as the current runs ;  
And many such stout merchant ships,  
Have here been launch'd from off the slips.

The Sussex timber it doth seem,  
Is held in very high esteem ;  
And much employ'd too, we conjecture,  
In British naval architecture.

Reader 't is meet we here lament,  
That the *Imperial Parliament* ;  
Have never entertain'd a notion,  
By a new entrance from the ocean ;  
To make the harbour—now so odious,  
More national, and more commodious :  
It may be (as the story goes)  
Made too, the first of ship *depots* ;  
For merchantmen, and men of war,  
Who very oft unable are ;



When tempests beat, and Ocean frowns,  
To get to *Portsmouth* or the *Downs*.

Nature has form'd a *Dock* 't is said  
Above the *Bridge*, which might be made  
If it were wanted, to contain,  
Vast fleets of traders on the main :  
However an improvement here,  
Something like that of *Ramsgate* pier, }  
Might soon be made 't is very clear ;  
And truly it appears to us,  
Should not remain so ruinous.

*Shoreham* it seems, itself may pique,  
On being reader—most antique ;  
For many of the houses, are  
Built with their roofs triangular ;  
With narrow entrances, and low,  
That much antiquity doth shew.

Its market-place, 't is very true  
Is venerably simple too ;  
Having three pillars on each side,  
On which an oblong roof doth ride  
Of massy stone, that is besprent  
With many a gothic ornament ;  
And has been deem'd, one of the  
Prettiest relics you will see,  
Or read of, in antiquity !

“ A little lower on the shore,  
Dwindled into a village poor ;  
*Shoreham* appears both mean and small,  
Which *Scopeham* they were us'd to call ;  
So Camden says—as we are told,  
And subsequently, *Shoreham Old* ;  
It has however given rise  
Unto another, which in size,  
It seems is much diminished,  
And under water hid its head :

In former ages too good lack,  
'Twas wont to carry on its back ;  
Ships in full-sail, right pleasantly,  
To *Bramber*—some miles from the sea !!!\*

Our progress *Eastward* having had,  
It may be proper just to add ;  
That if you are for BRIGHTON bound,  
Two diff'rent roads may here be found :  
*Videlicet*, along the sands ,  
Or by the Downs and higher lands,  
Which many a lovely view commands.  
Six miles the distance is, you'll find,  
And twelve from Worthing if you mind ;  
From whence, whene'er the atmosphere  
Is cloudless, and the day is clear ;

}

---

\* Vide EVANS'S PICTURE pages 104 and 105.

A view of Brighton it can boast,  
And ev'ry cliff along the coast ;  
To

**Beachy Head,**

far fam'd in story,  
And well known as a promontory :  
Off which, the French did once obtain,  
A vast advantage on the main ;  
Over the English and the Dutch,  
And doubtless made them marvel much ;  
Throwing into a consternation  
The Government ; for on that station,  
The fleet of France triumphant rode  
For many weeks ; however odd  
This seems in our great naval days,  
Who oft have set them in a blaze !

Contrasting too, this narrative,  
With the proud time in which we live ;



The mind must dwell with pride ; and see  
Our vast superiority !

### Bramber.

From Shoreham now we sally forth  
To Bramber, three miles to the North ;  
Which on the banks of Adur lies,  
And with its CASTLE greets our eyes ;  
In ruins, and long since forsook,  
And own'd they say, by Norfolk's Duke ;  
By conquering William built 't is said,  
Soon after he his landing made  
Upon the Sussex coast—where he  
Obtain'd a signal victory ;  
A victory it is well known,  
That pav'd his way to England's throne.

Dilapidations made by time  
On masses huge of stone and lime :

Do always shew, it is confest,  
Appearances that interest——

TIME conquers all! in vain THE CASTLE proud  
Rears its high turrets to the vaulted sky,  
In vain it towers to each fleecy cloud  
That glides majestic as it rolls on high.  
Yet fain would *mortals* more than men appear,  
Tho' hastening nearer to the grave each hour!  
But nought avails it in this nether sphere,  
To flaunt of riches or extent of pow'r;  
Since soon the season of MAN'S *life* is o'er.  
His fleeting summer swiftly glides away,  
And winter blights the flow'r—to bloom no more,  
Until it blossoms in a purer clay!

EVANS'S PICTURE.

### Stepning.

The name of *Steyning* tourists say,  
Is from an ancient Roman way,  
That formerly pass'd through the town;  
In which a Saxon church is shewn.

### WORTHING.

The middle aisle doth boast 't is said,  
Eight Norman arches—zigzagged ;  
Surmounted with eight windows small,  
And which round-headed they do call ;  
The roof is built of rafter stone,  
(As vaulting then was quite unknown)  
A lofty arch of Norman breed,  
Doth also to the chancel lead.

The tow'r historians relate,  
Is certainly of modern date ;  
From whence extensive Barracks, we  
May view in the vicinity.

*Steyning* it seems, was once of note,  
In ancient Saxon times remote ;  
And had a church it is averr'd,  
In which St. Cudman was interr'd :  
It is a vicarage we see,  
Which in the gift was formerly,

Of Sir John Honeywood ; but now  
The Duke of Norfolk, they allow.

It had a priory they state,  
Of monks, who were subordinate  
To Fescamp Abbey ;—anciently  
Upon the coast of Normandy.

### Stepning Hill.

From hence to Worthing, up we wind  
A hill of most tremendous kind !  
Which when surmounted, doth command  
Extensive views by sea and land.

Below, the Barracks meet the eye,  
Envied for their security ;  
The verdant landscape far and wide,  
In which is seen from side to side ;



Greater and lesser farms, whose soil,  
 Doth well repay the farmer's toil ;  
 Which, while the husbandman doth till,  
 The wife with culinary skill,  
 Her daily task doth execute ;  
 And his exhausted strength recruit :  
 The ploughman also may be spy'd,  
 Whose patient oxen turn aside  
 The glebe, nor does he feel inclin'd  
 Surrounding objects much to mind,  
 But finishes his task assign'd.

How quiet, and engaging, we  
 Do find the arts of husbandry—

Ye generous Britons ! venerate the plough,  
 And o'er your hills and long withdrawing vales,  
 Let Autumn spread his treasures to the sun,  
 Luxuriant and unbounded. As the *Sea*  
 Far through his azure turbulent domain,  
 Your empire owns, and from a thousand shores,

Wafts the pomp of life into your ports ;  
So with superior boon may your rich spoil  
Exub'rant nature's better blessings pour,  
O'er ev'ry land---the naked nations clothe,  
And be---th' exhaustless granary of a world !

EVANS'S PICTURE.

Pushing along unto the right,  
Two hills do now appear in sight ;  
Both which do our attention claim,  
As monuments of Roman fame ;  
Historians also do declare,  
Roman encampments too they are.

*Imprimis*, it is meet that we  
Record

### **The Hill of Cissbury,**

A hill surrounded by a ditch,  
A tow'ring eminence, from which  
The eye may see the ocean blue,  
Studded with various vessels too.

The land immediately below  
Is variegated, and doth shew  
A charming prospect to the sight ;  
From *Beachy-head* to th' *Isle of Wight* !

On the horizon's eastern side,  
*Brighton* may certainly be spied ;  
Playing, (when she is in her *tiffs*)  
At hide and seek amidst the cliffs !

*Worthing* in front, will soon be found,  
Most picturesque—on rising ground,  
Close to the water's edge they tell ;  
And also westward—*Arundel*,  
Its Castle fine (if we don't err)  
And city too, of *Chichester* ;  
The view of whose Cathedral high,  
Doth much the landscape beautify.

The ancient hist'ry of the hill,  
Doth baffle our poetic skill ;

But when in happier rhyming mood,  
We may record, that here, once stood  
A *Roman* camp of great extent,  
And also *Julius Cæsar's* tent ;  
That here King *Cissa* did retire,  
That *Ella* was King *Cissa's* sire ;  
With many other things indeed,  
For which, we must refer to *Speed*.

The hill you safely may approach  
In cart or gig, barouche or coach ;  
On horseback, or whatever on,  
Close by the mill of Offington ;  
And at the summit will be found,  
A circle eighty acres round :  
Its owner too, if you require,  
Is *William Margesson, Esquire*.

Three little miles will bring you there,  
To which gay parties oft repair,  
Well stor'd with good old English fare,

}



And their repast enjoy with glee,  
In rural, sweet simplicity.

But passing two miles northward, we  
Ascend

### The Hill of Chankbury;

An eminence more elevated  
Than that of Cissbury, 't is stated ;  
Though of the Downs, a part at least  
Which runs throughout, from west to east.

Upon its top, or *apex*, grows  
A clump of trees in various rows ;  
And in the centre too, you may  
A *Beacon* see, which some folks say  
Is like an ill-built rick of hay ;  
Remarkable, as you will see,  
Only for its deformity !

}

Conceal'd beneath its coat of thatch,  
And always ready for a match ;

Most plentiful supplies there are  
Of barrels, fill'd with pitch and tar.

Some soldiers in a hut close by,  
Were also station'd formerly ;  
Whose province 't was to look about  
With glasses, and to ferret out  
The enemy—(unwelcome stranger)  
And *fire the beacon*—if in danger.

Beacons, historians do relate,  
Are certainly of ancient date ;  
In proof of which, we also might  
Two passages from scripture cite.

Their origin and use, 't is plain,  
Is told in history prophane ;  
And that a certain Persian King,  
Did mischief trace when on the wing,  
By means of Beacons—probably ;  
Much like the one at Chankbury.

Their English introduction, we  
Trace back to the *fifth* century ;  
And it is also further said,  
That they were by the *Saxons* made.

Added to that of CISSBURY  
Already notic'd, here we see ;  
A prospect or interior view,  
Of Sussex and of Surrey too ;  
Indeed a view 't is said there is,  
As far as the Metropolis !  
Nor must it be indeed forgot,  
That 't is the County's highest spot.

Few views can boast, or do command,  
Equal extent of sea and land ;  
Within the limits and degrees,  
Of its horizon's boundaries ;  
For beauty picturesque indeed  
No other view can it exceed.

That *Cissbury*, and *Chankbury*,  
Encampments were, most certainly,  
And Roman too, is very clear;  
In proof of which, it doth appear  
Coins have been lately dug up here,  
And this inscription, it is said,  
On one side doth surround the head ;  
*Claudius Cæsar Imp.* which for  
His name is meant, and Emperor ;  
Upon the other side, but bigger,  
S. C. and *Cæsar's* warlike figure.  
Others of them do bear the face  
Of *Nero Cæsar*, that disgrace  
Of human nature, and a pest ;  
In short a perfect Roman beast !

With such like coins some people say,  
They did the Roman soldiers pay ;  
And therefore they are often found  
When digging over Roman ground.



The mode of catching *Wheat-ears*, we  
 Cannot describe sufficiently  
 To make the business understood ;  
 But for a prose description good  
 We can refer ;—which may be seen  
 At page *one hundred, seventeen*  
 Of EVANS ; with the shepherds' plans  
 For catching English *Ortolans*.

Here *Charlotte Smith*, depend upon it ;  
 Wrote many a melancholy sonnet ;  
 And that the following one she owns,  
 Address'd it seems unto the *Downs*.

### To the South Downs.

Ah! *hills* belov'd, where once a happy child,  
 Your beechen shades, “your turf, your flow'rs among,”  
 I wove your blue-bells into garlands wild,  
 And woke your echoes with my artless song.

Ah! *hills* belov'd!--your turf your flow'rs remain  
 But can they peace to *this* sad breast restore;  
 For one poor moment soothe the sense of pain  
 And teach a breaking heart to throb no more?  
 And you---*Aruna*! in the vale below,  
 As to the sea your limpid waves you bear;  
 Can you one kind *Lethean* cup bestow,  
 To drink a long oblivion to my woe?  
 Ah no! when all, e'en hope's last ray is gone,  
 There's no oblivion but in DEATH alone.

EVANS'S PICTURE.

To

*Findon*

now, away we go.

Which lieth in the vale below;  
 Extending as it doth appear,  
 Almost as far as Broadwater.

It has a few good houses, and  
 One Inn it also doth command;

Besides a church 't is understood,  
 Encircled almost in a wood ;  
 A situation, which we find,  
 Will the spectator much remind  
 Of pious customs, that we shall  
 Denominate Druidical :  
 Because our ancestors 't is said,  
 Amidst their groves, their homage paid.

Close to the Church if you do mind,  
 A much admir'd seat you 'll find  
 Call'd *Findon Place* ; and very near  
 Is *Highden* too, it doth appear :  
*Sir Harry Goring* 't is well known,  
 The latter of the two doth own ;  
 The owner of the former one,  
 We find is *Mrs. Richardson*.

Here also lives (if we dont err)  
*Squire Newnham* too, of Newtimber ;

Whose house is opposite the *Gun* :  
And now with *Findon* we have done

Of

### *Muntham*

it is meet we treat,  
Which was the late '*Squire Frankland's* seat ;  
A charming house—and formerly  
Devoted to philosophy.

'T was from PHILOSOPHY man learn'd to tame  
The soil, by plenty to intemperance fed---  
Lo! from the echoing axe and thundering flame,  
Poison and plague, and yelling rage are fled :  
The waters bursting from their slimy bed,  
Bring health and melody to every vale.  
And from the breezy main and mountain's head,  
*Ceres* and *Flora* to the sunny dale,  
To fan their growing charms, invite the fluttering  
gale !

EVANS'S PICTURE.



Of wonders gone we shall not speak,  
And which 'twould now, be vain to seek;  
But one there is remaining still—  
A curious horizontal Mill;  
For drawing water at this day,  
Like those too at Sheerness they say.

Some pleasing lines we now shall quote,  
Lines too, that some *young lady* wrote;  
On which she oft with pleasure gaz'd,  
Lines found at Muntham—fram'd and glaz'd!

“Ye tranquil walls, where mild content abides,  
Where innate happiness alone resides;  
Where hospitality is plenty's seed,  
And aged servants on its bounty feed:  
Farewell—yet still shall men's pow'ful art;  
Review the happy hours with grateful heart;  
And musing, thus to neighbouring hills repeat;  
Behold yon *lovely mansion* is the seat  
Of science, friendship, pleasure, wealth, and peace,  
The muses too, link'd in this chain ne'er cease,

In love and sweetest harmony to dwell!  
 O simple joyless mortals could ye tell.  
 How to allure *these* charms sublime at home,  
 In search of happiness ye'd cease to roam!"

EVANS'S PICTURE.

By *Heath's*

**New Road**

proceeding on,

Through Findon unto Offington;

Now

**Salvington**

appears in sight;

Down Tarring lane—upon the right.

A Cottage doth the place adorn,

In which, some people say was born

The learned *Seldon*, sirnam'd *John*;

(Who was 't is said a fidler's son.)

Within the door way, rough and rude,  
Is this inscription cut in wood.

GRATUS HONESTE MIHI NO CLAUDAR INITO SEDEQ  
FVR ABEAS NO SV FACTA SOLVTA TIBI.

The English reader probably  
Would like to know, thus happily  
It has been render'd by some one ;  
——For aught we know, of Salvington.

Dear to my heart, *the honest*, here shall find  
The gate wide open, and the welcome kind :  
Hence, *thieves* away, on you my door shall close  
Within these walls, the wicked ne'er repose !

EVANS'S PICTURE.

Whilst on the outside, cut in stone

1601 :—

Where educated, we might tell,  
And of his learned works as well ;  
Enumerate his sayings wise,  
His *Table Talk* (which some folks prize ;

But for the present, we must on  
A short half mile, to

### Durrington

Worthy of notice too, where we  
An Ivy-cover'd Chapel see.

Returning back we now espy  
The spire of

### West Tarring

high ;

A place it seems of some renown,  
And formerly, a market town ;  
A market still it has they say  
For corn, held ev'ry Saturday.

The grant original is shewn,  
Which gave the market to the town ;  
A *latin* relic, highly priz'd,  
Which also has been *anglicis'd*.



A pretty landscape here we view,  
And which the spire contributes to ;  
Within the church is also shewn,  
Some monuments of diff'rent stone.

Thomas a Beckett it is said,  
Here formerly a palace had ;  
A palace built as we have heard,  
By *Ned* the *second* or the *third*.

To

Goring

now, a little higher

Whose neat white Church too has a spire ;  
Of slate complexion 'tis declar'd,  
And has been recently repair'd.

*Charles Stafford*, interesting youth !  
The Church-yard tells—affecting truth !

Was buried here ; and who 'tis true,  
Died at the age of 22.

Here lies a youth, who when alive possess  
The richest virtues of the human breast,  
Kind to his parents, to his friends sincere  
Who *now* in sorrow shed the grateful tear ;  
Tho' mortal once, he's now *immortal* made,  
And reaps *eternal* joys which ne' er will fade!

EVANS'S PICTURE.

Another object now we see,  
Exciting curiosity ;  
And in a little while we come,  
Unto the famous

### Miller's Tomb.

Four miles from Worthing, tourists say  
To which, repair the grave and gay.

—— — *Sepulchrum,*  
*Incipit apparere Bianoris.*—VIRGIL.

Far off I can discern Bianor's Tomb.

EVANS'S PICTURE.

For an account in *prose* and *song*,  
At least, a dozen pages long ;  
Once more to EVANS we refer,  
About the Miller OLIVER.

Beyond the Tomb there stands the MILL  
Upon the summit of the hill ;  
From whence, once more appears in sight,  
That huge sea monster—Isle of Wight !  
Old Beachy, Brighton, Chichester,  
And various objects—if 't is clear.

Descending gently from the Mill,  
We

### Clapham

find, below the hill ;  
Whose name reminds us, that there is,  
Clapham near the Metropolis !

Some pleasing woods will here be found,  
 And on a spot of rising ground  
 A Mansion stands, (well worth exploring)  
 Of *Sir Bysshe Shelley's*—*Castle Goring* :  
 Who has a son nam'd *Timothy*  
 And of New Shoreham too—M. P !

Through

**Patching**

now, whilst on the wing,

We visit lastly,

**Angmering ;**

Whose cluster'd houses, Church and lands,  
 Point out the spot on which it stands.

Here *Mrs. Palmer* it is said,  
 A marvellous deliv'ry had  
 Of three fine Boys ; (so Fuller says)  
 Whose labour lasted fourteen days ;



*John, Henry, Thomas*, they were nam'd,  
And for their valour greatly fam'd;  
So much so—Hal the Eighth we see,  
Knighthood conferr'd upon the three.

### Conclusion.

From hence 'tis proper we should tell,  
Some tourists push to

**Arundel ;**

From thence to

**Little Hampton**

ride,

And to the lord knows where beside ;  
Until the *Signal Post* is seen,  
A little to the right of

**Heene.**

---

**FINIS.**













